articles or pocket tooks which they may have there, He

CHARLIE COULTER IS DEAD,

This Will be Good News for Many of the

From the Denver Nesos.

Charlie Coulter, who went over the range last Sunday, pierced by fourteen bullets fired by the citizens of Cornado, was well known throughout the West as one of the original cowboys and a desperate character when

when drunk was desperate to the e would commit the rashest of di would cost other men their lives

A Team Composed of Thirteen Canadian Amateum to Fight the Britishers.

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as they really are, the heads of a majority of people are filled with the types of the scounirel of fiction. A burglar, for instance, is to them a Bill Sykes—a low-browed, crop-haired. hands thrust deep



down in the pocket of a rough pen jacket and a cap pulled over his ears and down even to his scowling eyes. That such s person as this could be a burglar would never enter their looks like anything rado. Nobody would be surprised to hear was a photographer, and that, in fact,

that he was a photographer, and that, in fact, is what he gives as his occupation; but he is, nome the less, one of the boldest and most desperate of burglars. Not only is he a professional burglar, but he is also a murderer, and has been once tried, convicted, and sentenced to be hanged. He escaped by getting a second trial, and then, with the help of skilful lawyers, not only got the noose from around his neck, but went from the court room a free man—acquitted. It was on Jan. 14, 1867, that he was sentenced to be hanged, and on March 29, 1870, that he was acquitted on his second trial. The victim was Henry B. Grove of Baitimore, and it was in Baitimore that the murder was committed. John Clare, alias Gilmore, next came conspicuously to the fore in connection with an attempt to rob the safe of the New York County Bank, at the corner of Fourteenth street and Eighth avenue. Clare rented the basement next door to the bank and attacked the bank safe with nothing less than a steam engine. By removing the brick walls of the basement he had rented, and of the bank itself, he had succeeded in getting at the back of the safe. When the police swooped down upon him he had his steam engine at work boring away at the safe. Three of his associates in this enterprise were arrested, tried, and sent to State prison. Clare escaped at the time, but was arrested twenty-one months afterward and was sent to the Blate prison for four years and six months. This was in 1876.

State prison for four years and six months. This was in 1876.

There is nothing the professional criminals, especially those of the higher class, detest more among the incidental annoyances of getting arrested than being forced to sit for their pictures. Violent struggles are of not infrequent occurrence before the "subject" can be got into position and a frame of mind which permits of his photograph being taken, and there are still those who at the critical moment distort their features with all sorts of grimaces in the hopes that they will be unrecognizable when they take their places in the Rogues' Gallery. But boths the resistance and the facial distortions are growing more and more infrequent. The rogues is inevitable and cannot be avoided, and they have also discovered that with all the modern improvements in taking pictures there are sure be recorded carrian details of their physioghave also discovered that with all the modern improvements in taking pictures there are sure to be recorded certain details of their physiognomy and general appearance by which they can always be recognized. Hence they as a rule, have accepted the inevitable, and sit like ordinary law-abiding citizens under the police camera. There are, however, in Inspector Byrnes's interesting collection of rascals, scores of faces which are twisted with grimaces, and it is even a still more common tried to close the eyes, under the impression that it is by the eyes that faces are most readily identified.

John Love, alias Wells, who combines dustries of sneak thieving and burglary,

the industries of sheak thi and is old enough a bird to the effect of closing his e head down, yet he would be recognized very readily from this pleture of him in Inspector Byrnes's collection. Not only is Love one of the cleverest of theyes known, but he is also one of the most desperate. Getting caught is an event on which he takes the smallest possible chances, and it is down as one of his characteristics that he will shoot on the slightest prospect of his being cornered. He is well known throughout

pect of his being corpect of his being corpect. He is well and a source of his being corpect official police description is as follows:

Forty-two years of age in 1888; born in the United
States: medium build; plane maker by trade; married;
height, 5 feat 84 inches; weight, 140 pounds; sandy-brown hair, gray eyes, florid complexion; generally
brown hair, gray eyes, florid complexion; generally
wears redish brown moustache; has figures. "3" in india ink on left leg, also letters "J. L." on each arm.

states; medium build; plane maker by trade; married; height, 5 feet 84, inches; weight, 140 pounda; sandy-brown hair, gray eyes, florid complexion; generally wears redish brown moustache; has figures "35" in India ink on left leg, also letters "J. L." on each arm.

Love was formerly the partner of "Jack" Walsh, alias "John the Mick." who killed by William O'Brien, alias "Billy Porter," in Shang Draper's saloon, in Sixth avenue, this city, on the 20th of October, 1883. Love's last exploit, and the one for which he is now serving a nine years' sentence in a Fennsylvania penitentiary, was the robbery of the Osceola (Pa.) Hank on the night of the 18th of February, 1885. The bank vault was of solid masonry two feet thick, but the concussion of the dynamite cartridge used was so great that the neighbors heard the explosion and notified the proprietors of the bank, who in turn roused the constable, and a hot pursuit followed. Bosides Love there were three other burglars engaged in the job, and they had come to the bank in a sleigh at the dead of a cold winter's night. As soon as the terrible explosion occurred, and they saw it had aroused the village, they jumped into their sleigh and went off as fast as they could make their horse go. They drove so furiously, in fact, that their animal gave out, and they then waylaid a farmer who had just come from histable with a fresh horse and sleigh, of which they took possession and continued their flight. The constable algorith younding him, but the constable, slightly wounding him, but the constable kept on chasing the gang, which kept up a running fire from revolvers across Mt. Zoar and nearly to the outskirts of Elmira, where four of them were captured. Love kept out of reach until evening, when he was caught and lodged in the Elmira jall. Among other rimes in which Love was implicated were the robber's of the most remarkable-looking man when he was in the enjoyment of his liberty, and moving about among his fellow man had a salem as a long, thin, knoty neck, and a man who i



WM. B. BROCKWAY.

as solemn as an un-dertaker's. He is a man who is well read, and he studied chemistry in Yale College. He became electrotyper, and has d in almost anything

Missouri pentientiary, Sheridan's great strength lay in his impressive appearance and gentlemanly manners, which have repeatedly won him the confidence of men who are not easily imposed upon. His most important operation of this kind was in 1873, in this city, when he succeeded in hypothecating \$125,000 in forged bonds of the Buffalo, New York and Eris Railroad Company, receiving therefor the sum of \$84,000 in cash, with which, it is needless to say, he speedlily decamped. This operation covered several months Sheridan took desk room in a broker's office in the lower part of Broadway, representing himself as a retired Californian of ample means. He called himself Charles Raiston, speculated in grain, became a member of the Produce Exchange, and associated with solid men, by whom he was liked for his good looks, good manners, and general good fellowship. In this way he won the confidence of the President of the Indemnity and Warehouse Company, telling him that his mother in California had a large amount of railroad bonds upon which she wanted to obtain a loan. The President of the company fully believed the story, took the bonds, which were to the face amount of \$125,000, and gave Sheridan as certified check for \$84,000. Sheridan at once cashed the check, divided the proceeds with three accomplices, and fied with Martha Hargraves to Europe. Sheridan and Martha came back after a time, and Sheridan was caught in Washington, and sent to Sing Sing for five years. He afterward served three years in a Pennsylvania prison for stealing a box of diamonds, and in 1884 was sent up for two years in Missouri for having three counterfeit \$500 bills in his possession. Sheridan is a native of New Orleans, and was a thief from his boyhood, his first conspicuous appearance being as a hores thief in Missouri. Among all of Inspector Byrnes's category of rogues there is not a more frugal and industrious thief than John Larney, or "Mollie Matches," as he is better known, Mr. Larney embarked in the pocket-picking, burglary, and genera

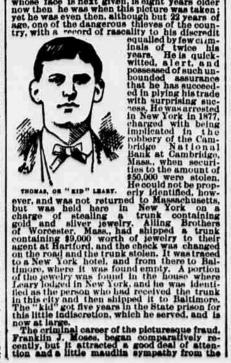


the draft, and went out to get some more. We all jumped into the wagon, drove to the railroad station, and escaped."

Moilie was subsequently caught, tried, and punished for this offence.

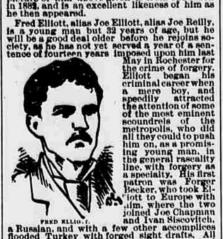
Phillip Phearson or "Philly Pherson," as he is known professionally, would be taken much more readily for a deacon than for a criminal. He is none the less one of the leading lights among the race of "bank sneaks," or thieves who by various artful devices steal money from bank as. Phearson comes from a respectable Quaker family in Philadelphia, and hissemi-sanctimonious face has been a great advantage to him in his occupation. He is one of the oldest and one of money which belongs to other people. He was sent to Sing Sing under a sentence of Judge Cowing in October, 1886. Phearson of Judge Cowing in October, 1886. Phearson or Peck, which last is his right name, has gone under half a dozen different aliases, and under nearly all of them has served terms of imprisonment. In 1879 he was sent to Sing Sing for stealing a \$1,000 4 per cent, bond from a clerk of Kountze Brothers, bankers. The robbery occurred in the Post Office building.

Thomas Leary, the pleasant, boyish fellow, whose face is next given, is eight years older now then he was when this picture was taken; yet he was even then, although but 22 years of age, one of the dangerous thieves of the country, with a record of rascality to his discredit years. He is quick-



fact that Moses was a man who had been all his life surrounded by good influences, was of an excellent family, and had himself climbed to as high as

private secretary
the Governor of
ath Carolina. At
sclose of the rebellion he was one of the first
those conspicuous in the State to submit to
those construction act. He went to the Legisture, was Speaker of the lower House, and
ster was elected Governor of the State. His
ather before him had been the Chief Justice of
the Supreme Court of South Carolina. As soof
two years term as Governor ex
deliberately en



inm, where the two joined Joe Chapman and Ivan Siscovitch. a Russian, and with a few other accomplices flooded Turkey with forged sight drafts. All were arrested and sentenced to three years and six months each in prison in Smyrna. Joe Chapman's wife came from London to Turkey expressly to aid her husband and his pais to make their escape. She conveyed tools to Elliott and Becker and then got back to London to be out of harm's way when the escape was made, first exacting a promise that her husband should be set at liberty with the rest. Elliott, Becker, and the Russian got saws, but left Chapman behind. They joined Mrs. Chapman in London, and she was naturally indignant that her husband had been abandoned. One morning, soon after, Mrs. Chapman was found dead in her bed, and her trunk, containing valuable jeweiry, was missing. Elliott and Becker were suspected of having murdered her and fied to this country. Elliott came into publicity soon after, owing te his marriage with Kate Castleton, the actress. He heard her sing one night in the San Francisco Minstrels and became infatuated with her, and pushed his attentions so ardently that a marriage in the Little Church Around the Corner soon followed. Kate knew that her husband was a "crook," but he promised to reform, and it was a very happy wedding. Kate went right from the stage to the church and was married in her stage costume, and all the minstrel company were present to wish the couple good luck, the whole ending in a grand supper at Delmonico's. Elliott had his wife went off on a wedding tour of a month, and returned and settled down in fine apartments in Twenty-first street. Elliott had a little money, and made his wife quit the stage, but she went back to it against her husband's will, and esparation. Elliott was the his old general sneak-thevery line in his early youth, and by economy, temperance, and by economy, temperance, and the property of the sound of

20th of October, 1833, by John Walsh, who was himself shot in the same fracas. Porter was suspected of shooting Walsh, and was arrested and tried for the crime, but was ac quitted in the eyes of the law, if not in the minds of those familiar with the details of the shooting. He is a native of Boston, is 37 years of age, and has been a professional burglar from his boyhood. He was strongly suspected of being implicated in the murder of George Leonidus Leslie, whose dead body was found on the 24th of June, 1878, near Tramp Kock. Westchester county, with a bullet hole through the head. Leslie was shot on the night of the 29th of May, and his body carried in a wagon to the spot where it was found. Porter has been connected with a number of daring burglarles in all parts of the country, and especially in the vicidity of New York. He and Irving escaped together on one occasion from the Raymond street jail, Brooklyn, where

Porter has been connected with a number of daring burglarles in all parts of the country, and especially in the vicidity of New York. He and Irving escaped together on one occasion from the Raymond street jail. Brooklyn, where they were confined pending their trial for a particularly bold attempt at burglary. Porter has made a specialty of robbing stores and has had very little to do with attacks on banks. He is not so skilful as some of the bank burglars, but what he lacks in this direction he makes up in coolness and brute courage. He was last arrested for the burglary of Emanuel Marks & Son's jewelry store in Troy, and he has a number of other offences to answer for in different parts of the country as fast as one particular complainant gets through with him.

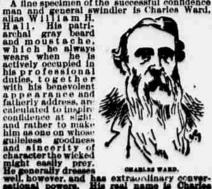
Oute a different sort of a criminal is George Harrison, alias "Friday," alias "Boston."

Harrison is a plain picknocket, and only daring in the sneak line and never taking hold of anything requiring violence or any form of nerve, except that of assurance, Notwithstanding his efforts to disgulee his features by a grimace, the ple-ture of him is a good one, and one by which he could be



ance. Notwithstanding his efforts to disguise his features by a grimace, the picture of him is a good one, and one by which he could be easily identified. He is a Scotchman by birth, 46 years old, and by trade a machinist. He is one of the New York pick-pockets, and has been present of the New York pick-pockets, and has been first appearance in New York he came from Boston, and with the queer proclivity of criminals to bestow nicknames upon one another, he was at once called "Boston," by wilch sobriquet he still goes among the thi-firal ernity when he is not called "Friday." Just how he came to be nicknamed "Friday," I sand known. He is not counted as much of an expert when he works alone, but is excellent as a confederate. He was sent to Sing Sing Nov. 8, 1882, under the name of George Wilson, for the term of four years and six months, Allowing him full time commutation, his time expired March 8, 1886.

A fine specimen of the successful confidence man and general swindler is Charles Ward, alias Williia m H. Hall. His patriarchal gray beard and moust ache, which he slawss wears when he is actively occupied in his professional duties, to get her with his benevolent appear and six occupied in his professional duties, to get her with his benevolent appear and and rather to make him as one on whose guileless goodness and sincerity of character the wicked



SIX GAMBLERS' STORIES.

Vallum, and he is a native of the United States. Inspector Byrnes says of him that he is the only man in his line who can play the confidence game on women. It is not surprising to learn that his principal forte is collecting money for asylums, homes, and other charitable concerns. He got five years in Sing Sing, in 1877, for collecting money for the New York Presbyterian Hospital, but was pardoned in 1880 by Gov. Cornell. Within less than a year after his release from prison he was again arrested in New York for collecting and appropriating to his own use money for the "Society for the Relief of the Destitute Blind." Ward, or Vallum, has an excellent wife who has clung to him in all his villatiny, and it was largely through her efforts that he escaped with the light sentence of eighteen months.

The solemn and sanctimonious-looking James Wells very appropriately, makes a specialty of funerals. He can drop a tear over the deceased with a touching melancholy which wome straight to the heart, and at the And Pretty Readable Stories, Too. EL PASO, Texas, March 4 .- A party of onvivial owls, typical Western gamblers most of them, sat in a sporting resort in this place recently, and filled the brief hiatus between the closing of the last night fare game and opening of the first morning one, by exchanging professional reminiscences.
"I saw an item in a newspaper the other

day," said a Colorado veteran, "about some fellow beating fly loo by soaking his lump of sugar in a chemical that scared off the insects. You know in fly loo each man lays a piece of sugar on the table, and the first one that gets a fly loses the drinks or stakes. Last summer I was at the Arcade in Denver, and one day a smooth-looking Eastern chap walks in and suggests fly loo. We each got a lump from the bartender and went to work. It was first fly lose, for a dollar a shot. I got the may have there. He is sometimes called "Mourner" Wells, and he frequently works at funerals, with a woman for a confederate. The woman rifes pockets and nips off watches, which she passes to the dismai and respectable look ing centleman, who is apparently an entire stranger to her; and when he has got about all he can sale years, the confederate, which is apparently an entire stranger to her; and when he has got about all he can sale is apparently and entire stranger to her; and when he has got about all he can sale is apparently and the content of the most dangerous men in his way in the country. Wells has been repeatedly arrested, and has the following and on Blackwell's first fly and the second, and also the next eight. By that time it dawned on me that he must have doctored his lump, for there wasn't a fly that would go within a foot of it. I was pretty sore, but just then a brilliant idea struck me, and I proposed that we try ten more goes at \$10 apiece. He said all right, but when we got the money up I insisted that the rule change and first fly win instead of lose. To my surprise he agreed to that, too. Well, to make a long story short, the flies swarmed all over his lump for ten straight times, but nary one came to see me. When he put the last stakes n his pocket I was the wildest man in Colorado. I knew I'd been robbed, but didn't see how it was done. Finally I called the stranger aside

and said:
"'My friend,don't suppose that I'm impudent or inquisitive, but I have a curiosity to know how you wound me up. If you will put me on, I'll promise not to work the game in your territory and buy, a bottle of wine."

"He laughed, and said: 'Well. I don't mind telling you that I put a drop of stuff on my lump that will make afly hunt the next county mighty quick.' "'I guessed that much, but how about the

last time we played?'
"'Oh. I supposed you'd want to switch, so I
just changed lumps with you.'"

is appropriate, and is altogather one of the most dangerous men in his way in the country. Wells has been repeatedly arrested, and has served terms in Sing Sing and on Blackwell's Island.

These are only a few of the more conspicuous criminal lights taken from Inspector Byrnes's remarkable book, but they give some general idea of what manner of men the criminals of the higher class are, and how different they are from the popular ideal. On this subject of the physiognomy as a guide to judging of a man's criminal proclivities, the Inspector, in a recent interview, said:

"Judge for yourself. Look through the pictures in the Rogues' Gallery and see how many rascals you find there who resemble the best people in the country. Why, you can find some of them, I dare say, sufficiently like personal acquaintances to admit of mistaking one for the other. By the way, that is no uncommon occurrence, and the more you consider it the more readily you will come to appreciate how easy it is for a a detective to pick up the wrong man. It is not usual for thieves to be so trim—that is, not many of them. You see thieves must dress up to their business, I do not mean by that that they should indicate their business by their dress. No, no; just the opposite. They attret themselves so as to attract the least attention from the class of people among whom they operate. To do this they must dress like this class. If they are among poor people, they dress well. If among sporting men, do the flash" act. It is a great thing to escape notice, and some men have a great deal of trouble to do it. There is "Wess" Allen. The sear on his cheek and the missing eye would mark him anywhere, but he manages to be so sober in his dress that no one notices him. Deafy 'Price, the rallroad pickpocket, is a capital fellow for gaining conidence and leaving scant recollections of his dress and not always age to judge agains "Once in a while," said another old-timer, these smart people don't get the best of it. A couple of years ago I got into a poker game at Chicago with a Kansas man, who was there selling live stock. I am a pretty fair poker player myself, but this fellow beat me two or three nights in succession. Of course, I sus-pected 'work' of some kind; but he was such

three nights in succession. Of course, I suspected work of some kind: but he was such a big, awkward, stupid-looking fellow that I was ashamed to think he could do any cheating that I would not detect. I remember his hands yet. They were pretty nearly the size of hams, and about as graceful.

"One thing that confounded me was that all his big winnings were made on my deal. I watched him closely, and was satisfied that he did not 'hold out' cards and slip them into his hand. He simply picked up what I gave him, and invariably overheld me. There is a limit to even luck, and after a while I caught him. He was capping the deck. That is to say, he would hold out threes and, before the draw, on the pretence of pushing the deck assise, straightening it up, or something of that sort, would drop them on top. Then he would call for three, and I would deal him just what he wanted. As soon as I discovered what he was doing, I began holding out treys. I had collected three of them when I noticed his big paw sailing over the deck. I said nothing, but watched my chance, and dropped my little treys over the cards he had deposited. On the draw he got the treys, and I got his 'sap,' which happened to be nines. There was no comment on either side, but he stared and turned about the color of a pickled beat. After that the game went on peacefully, and I carried away the proceeds of his live-stock transaction. Next!"

"I never go to Chicago," said a pale, John Oakhurst style of faro dealer. "without getting broke. No matter how firmly I make up my mind not to do it. I always land at a faro game and always lose. There seems to be a fatality about it. Often and often I have been embarthroughout the West as one of the Criginal cowboys and a desperate character when under the influence of liquor. Coulter was a cowboy from infancy. He drove the first big herd of cattle up the Sante Fe trail in 187, when gowboys were known as cowpenchers, and did not include theological students and diplomats. Coulton, who was a compensation of the liquid theological students and diplomats. Coulton, who was a compensation of the liquid theological students and diplomats. Coulton, who was a compensation of the liquid the liquid the liquid the liquid the was six feet one inch in height and welched 30 pounds. He is the fourth of his family to die with his rawhides on, although had he been all ordinary man he would have cashed in a good many years ago. His father and two brothers died on their feet, and the list male of the race is singularly a victim of consumption and likely to die at any moment. Coulter began his carrier at 15 in the saddle, chasing steers, and this was his occupation during life, except for about two years, when he cast his fortunes with the James Younger rassed for money to pay railroad fare away, and am always on bad terms with myself for a month afterward. On one occasion I divided my money and gave half of it to Parson Davies

my money and gave half of it to Parson Davies with strict instructions not to let me have it notify it was on my way to the train. That same day I got broke as usual, immediately hunted up Davies, and made such a strong talk to him that he became disgasted, gave me back my money, and told me never to come in his place again. By night I hadn't a cent.

"The next trip I made to the city, however, and the rictim of moment.
I struck a scheme that I am thinking about patenting. In the evening I felt the old fascination creeping over me, and sat down and tried to reason with myself. I knew if I gave some of my money to a friend to keep for me I would be certain to make him give it back, and that it was no use to try to stay away from the game. Finally, by Jove, I hit it. I got an envelope of the hotel clerk, put half my roll in it, directed it to myself, stamped it, and put it in the mell actured to money till next morning. Uncle Sam wouldn't give it up until the mali carrier came around, which we would to me the mell of the mell carrier came around and then I posted it again and kept up the operation until I was ready to leave, I didn't have to borrow for a rallroad ticket that trip." have to borrow for a rallroad ticket that trip

The conversation drifted back to poker. There used to be a pretty stiff game in Kansas City," said one of the party, " made up of professional card sharps, and by and by it got such a name that nobody but strangers could be induced to play in it. An outsider might just as well shove his money under the door and go away as to take cards there. The regular players were up to all the tricks of the

waned commit the rashest of deeds, which would cost other men their lives. He know every foot of the country from the Missouri to the Montana ranges, and bad many remarkable adventures.

On one occasion he became involved in a row in a Dodge City saloos, and fought thirteen men and got away without injury. During this fight two men were either killed or seriously wounded. During this fight Coulter introduced what is known as the back-setion move—knocking one man down and shooting another at the same time. This is done by striking a man in front with the stock of a gun and shooting out in the rear. After this row the friends of some of the men who were injured started out to kill Coulter, but failed to come up with him. For a year or two he was very quiet, and then sprang up at Waliace by "rounding up" the town and holding it for two days with four companions.

During this raid Coulter waked into a small eating saloon, frequented by railway men, as a young consumptive was esting a "graveyard stew," as milk toast is called in that section. The young fellow was rectining against the wall and had raised a spoon to his mouth when Coulter short it out of his hand. The young fellow turned to flee, when Coulter called out to him to stop, and, placing him hear the wall, made a complete profile of his body with bullets, grazing his skin half a dozen times.

On one occasion Coulter is said to have ridden 370 miles without leaving the saddle, He was a first-class cattle man, and was as trave as any who ever threw a lariat. Even after his body had been pierced with fourteen bullets in the fatal light on Sunday he managed to empty two guns and wound two men.

CRICKETERS GOING TO ENGLAND. and go away as to take cards there. The regular players were up to all the tricks of the trade, and took no chance on luck going against them.

"One day a pretty fresh-looking fellow, evidently a would-be sport, dropped into a saloon across the way, and remarked that he would like to play a little poker if he could find a business men's game. He said he didn't enjoy playing with gamblers.

"You will find a business men's game opposite,' replied the bartender, 'made up of retired merchants and grocers.'

"The stranger said that was just what he wanted, and went right over. He stared a little when he sized up the party of wolves around the table, but bought \$50 worth of chips and sailed in. In loss than an hour he had bought ivories three times, and had had flushes, fulls, and fours beaten right along. Meantime the players had kept up a running conversation among themselves about the market, the state of trade, the Produce Exchauge, and other topies that they knew no more about than of the Sermon on the Mount. "Finally the outsider held four kings against somebody else's four aces, and got up and slowly put on his hat and overcoat.

"'We have enjoyed your soviety, sir,' said the man who held the aces,' and if we can do anything further to render your stay in Kansas City pleasant, please command us.

"I wish you, would do me a little favor, since you mention it, replied the stranger."

"Please direct me to a horse thief's game."

"Did you ever hear of Wild Bill's ace full?"

It is now definitely settled that a team composed of thirteen Caradian amateur crickertes are going to try their luck in English this summer. The team is thoroughly representative, and could only be strengthened by the addition of a slow tweler. Mr. G. G. S. Lindsey of the Toronto Orietes Club is the promoter and manager of the whole affair. Mr. Alleock of London, England, is arranging the fixtures in Great Britain. Each man pays half of his own expenses, the other half is to be raised by subscription, to be repaid as far as possible by gate receipts.

The team will leave from this city by the Anchor line's steamer furnessia on July 2. Prior to its leaving it will probably play a match against All Philadelphia or All New York. The team will on its arrival spend a week in Dublin getting into form, the Phoenix Park Club having tendered its grounds and professionals. The first game is to be played Jul 5 and 16, at Dublin, against the Gentlemen of Ireland. On reaching London the Marylebone Cricket Club is to give the Canadiana's dinner. The team as revised is: A. C. Allen, M. Boyd, W. W. Jones, E. B. Ogden, D. W. Saunders, and W. W. Vickers of Toronto; B. T. A. Bell of Montreal; R. B. Ferrie and A. Gillespie of Hamilton: W. Henry, Jr., of Halifax, N. S.; F. Harley of Guelph; G. W. Jones of St. John's, N. B., and W. C. Little of Ottawa. The list of matches from latest naviees received yesterday are: July 15, 16, Dublin, Gentlemen of Northumberland; 25 and 26, Sunderland, Gentlemen of Bussex. Aug. 1 and 2. Lords' grounds, London. Marylebone Cricket Club; 5 and 6, Portsmouth, United Service; 8 and 9, Oval, Gentlemen of Gioucestershire; 15 and 16, Stoke on Trent, Gentlemen of Estafordshire; 17 and 18, Birmingham, Genilemen of Warwickshire; 19 and 30, Leicester, Gentlemen of Haleestershire. "Did you ever hear of Wild Bill's ace full?" asked a local manipulator of the cardboards.
"The story may be old, but it's true. It happened in 1876, at Sioux City. Wild Bill had a weakness for poker, and knew no more about it than a baby. The consequence was he was it than a baby. The consequence was he was a picnic for the sports, and they fleeced him right and left. He was repeatedly warned that he was being robbed, but he always replied that he was able to take care of himself.

"One night he sat down to play with a fellow named McDonald, a fine worker and expert. McDonald did as he pleased, and the scout found his pile getting smaller and smaller as the game progressed. As he lost he began to drink, and midnight found him in a state of intense but repressed excitement—a condition that made him one of the most dangerous men in the West. It was at this juncture that McDonald, smart gambler as he was, made his mistake. He should have quit. However, Wid Bill's apparent coolness deceived him.

"Finally, the scout seemed to get an unusual hand, and began to bet high and heavy. McDonald raised him back every time, until the top of the table was about out of sight. At last there was a call.

"I've got three jacks,' said McDonald, throwing down his hand.

"I have an ace full on sixes,' replied Bill.

"Ace full on sixes is good,' said McDonald, coolly turning over his opponent's cards;' but I see only two aces and a six.

"Here is the other six!' suddenly roared Bill, whipping out a navy revolver,' and here'—drawing a bowie knife—is the one spot!'

"That hand is good,' said McDonald, blandly, arising. 'Take the pot.'"

"I have heard of queer stakes in my time," remarked a Pacific coast man, as the party showed signs of breaking up." but I thist. a picnic for the sports, and they fleeced him

19 and 20. Leicester, Gentlemen of Leicestershire.

The City of Rome will bring the boys back,
and the international makeh between the
United States and Canada will be played in
Toronto early in September. Dr. Es R. Ogden
of Toronto has been asked to captain the
team, but as he is to be married on April 13 in
Chiesgo, he will wait until after that to decide.
This is the first team of Canadian gentlemen
that will cross the seas to play cricket in the
old country.

The Pittsburgh Cricket Glub has joined the
Western Oricket Association, and matches between the Last and West will be played in this
city, Philadelphia, and Chicago. remarked a Pacific coast man, as the party showed signs of breaking up, "but I think I can discount anything of the sort in my own experience. I was playing cards in Georgia some years ago, and became involved in a dissome years ago, and became involved in a dispute with a native that sent him to the hospital and me to the jail. There was a strong prejudice against gamblers in the vicinity, and my lawyer told me I was in a very tight fix. I made the best of the situation, and managed to get on good terms with the Sheriff—a typical Georgian and, by the way, a pretty good fellow. One day I discovered by accident that he

was a great fare bank flend. It seems that he had been quite wealthy at one time, but had lost about all his property against the game, and would walk ten miles through a swamp to get to play. That just suited me. I chalked out a lay-out on my cell floor, got an old deck of cards, and dealt fare for him. We used buttons for chips, and he would squat outside my grated door and tell me where to place his bets. In a few days I had all his ready cash. Then he sold a mule and lost that. It is too tedious to tell it in detail, but head by head his stock all vanished. Then he put up his watch and chain and a suit of clothes. I won them and made him poke them in through the grates. In a week my cell looked like a country store. I had boots, hams, a maired scales, all the Sheriff's office stationery, a barrel of floor, a saddle, and a feather bed. At last he came in and said:

"John, I'll tell you what I'll do. You have won everything I can move except the kids and old woman, and now I'll play game of seven up for all I've lost against your liberty.

"It's a go."

"We played through the grates. I tell you it was exciting. It was neck or nothing with me, and you could hear the old Sheriff breathe clear over in the next lot. We got six aplece and it came my deal. I turned a jack.

"That puts you out,' said the Sheriff, unlecking the door, 'Now get out."

"He claimed that the conditions of the game didn't bar him from taking a shot at me, and as I went over the fence he let off a young cannon in my direction. I guess, though, that that last jack made him nervous, for the load went over my head and erippled a darky in a confided. I didn't stop to inquire how badly he was hurt."

Frank R. Lucky, Once on Actor, Now Divinity Student, Tells His Story,

From the New Haven News.

Frank R. Lucky, an ex-actor, who recently

abandoned the stage to study for the ministry, and is now a member of the Yale theological school, told the story of his life to an interested audience at the city mission on Meadow street. speaker. "the idea that I would like to enter the framatic profession was ever present to my mind. It was my one great ambition to be an

"In the early years of my life," said the speaker, "the idea that I would like to enter the dramatic profession was ever present to my mind. It was my one great ambition to be an actor. My idea of the stage was a high one. I thought I would restore the broken image, restore the stage to its lofty place, and all I did was shaped to that end. I went to to a university to educate myself, and all my studies were followed up with this object in view. I graduated from the university in 1882, and in the fall I went upon the stage, playing at the Grand Opera House in New York, After a time it began to grow on me that the surrounding influences were operating on me and were gradually perverting me, and this feeling continued to grow on me. I began to feel a dislike—I didn't enjoy the life as I had expected to. I was brought up in a very moral family atmoshed to grow on me. I began to feel a dislike—I didn't enjoy the life as I had expected to. I was brought up in a very moral family atmoshed to grow on the stage here, as I have not the time, not could I do them justice. But they are rotten. No man can go on the stage and be pure. I am not zoing deep into this thing now, but it is a fact. You cannot lead a consistent Christian life and be a member of the dramatic profession. I could feel the perverting influences of this life gradually insinuating themselves into me. I even got so that I didn't mind going linto barrooms, for actors spend most of their time in barrooms, for actors spend most of their time in barrooms, for actors spend most of their time in barrooms, for actors spend most of their time in barrooms, for actors spend most of their time in barrooms, for actors spend most of their time in barrooms, for actors spend most of their time in barrooms, for actors spend most of their time in barrooms, for actors spend most of their time in barrooms, for actors and the profession until I became stage manager of one of the best companies in the country. But thits is how I came to give tup. One night while I was playing

ONLY A BRAKEMAN KILLED. A Plea for the Faithful Men who Eisk Their Lives Daily.

Their Lives Daily.

From the Chicago Herals.

An instance of the crueity of our modern civilization and its infinitely diversified appliances and customs is found in the fact that the death of a railway employee, through one of the minor casualties of his calling, is no longer considered worthy mention in the news columns of a metropolitan newspaper; or, if mentioned at all, a line is generally sufficient to chronicle the bare fact, details being utterly neglected. In the despatches it used to be:

By a Drokon rail seven freight cars were thrown off the track near this place last night and their contents, consisting of valuable merchandise, nimost destroyed. The loss of the company will reach \$15,000. Passenger trains were delayed nearly an hour. A right investigation will follow. One brakeman was killed."

Formerly minor accidents to employees were telegraphed to city papers, but now all correspondents are instructed to omit sending intelligence concerning the common accidents of the rail, in which employees only suffer, unless the fatalities number more than one or some unusual circumstances or causes are present. Almost every week some railway employee loses his life or a limb in the Chicago railway yards without any mention of the casualty being made in the city papers. This seems cruel, but the truth is that this sort of news is rarely worth printing. As the world goes these items are unamportant and newsmen neglect them. But with passengers it is quite different. The commonest accident involving the safety of a passenger or injury to his person is carefully investigated and reported. And just now the papers are filled with articles demanding that the death-dealing stove shall be banished, that safety gates be put up at all crossings, and that every possible precaution be taken to secure safety for the travellers who must cross railway tracks. But not a world in behalf of the employees, whom the jugger-nauts of the rail are slaughtering and maining by the thousands every year.

Only a brakeman killed. The From the Chicago Herald.

Horses Developed on the Circuit.

From the Buffulo Courier.

ent man who is largely interested ag of horses, in speaking of the lyes bill all. "Most all the horses that have sold at have been developed and frosted through leould mane a large number, they Sain I could mane at large number, they Sain I could man in California, running the large number.

BETRAYED BY MEXICAN JOE.

THE SUFFERINGS OF THREE GOLD HUNTERS ON A MEXICAN DESERT.

Left by a Doubting Guide to Periob in a Nun-stricken Land-Three Days Without Water-Rescued by Custom House Guards. No mortal being, unless he has travelled the length and breadth of Mexico within the past six months, can form any correct idea of the widespread drought which has prevailed there. The tourist over the Mexican Central Railroad has, of course, looked out on each side of the roadway upon the vast dusty plains that stretch into the dim horizon or end ab-He did not know, however, that the deep dry basins from which he saw the dust wreathing n columns as smoke from huge caldrons were the beds of large ponds, which heretofore at this season have been many feet deep with water, and covered with every variety of aquatic wild fowl; that the banks of the acequias, which irrigate the large ranches, no > the cottonwood, reminding one of Tom Tid-dler's ground; that these ditches were as dry and parched as the bleached bones of the cattle strewn in the mesquite brush; that the century plants and Spanish daggers were of a paler green, and that even the great burning poulders in the arroyos seemed with all nature

to pant for moisture.

Last year these now grassless plains were dotted with large bands of antelope and tracked by myriads of quall. Now, no game can be seen far or near, for what has not perished has migrated long since to the ever watered districts. This direful condition has necessarily been destructive to the stock, and makeshifts and disappointments.

It was early in the drought that Mexican Joe, a restless wanderer on the plains on the northeastern part of the State of Chihuahua.

came to El Paso, Texas, with a story of a gold find that set the three listeners to whom he confided his secret wild with the most hopeful anticipations. He told of aspot far out on a forty-mile wide desert where the sand was mixed with gold dust, and of which no one knew the istence but himself. To no better subjects could he have told his story for credence, for all of them had been inoculated with the prospecting and mining fever from their child-hood. The dust, he said, was rich: indeed, the specimens he showed were of an extraordinary character. He added that the gold lay sixty niles from water, thus showing the necessity of carrying water in great quantity on the suggested prospecting tour. It took the party of carrying water in great quantity on the suggested prospecting tour. It took the party a week to fit out, and then it started from Ei Paso. The outfit consisted of an intelligent California mining expert, an Ei Paso merchant, and a man called Swiss Joe. They had a good team of horses hitched to a long box wagon, and three bronchos to ride. The preparations for the trip had created some curiosity, and it took the party several days to dodge the men who were found following them. It occupied over a week to reach San Antonio Springs, where the water barrels and canteens were filled before entering the desert. On the evening of the second day out from the springs the party made a dry camp at a promontory of rocks which jutted out into the burning desert. Up to this time Mexican Joe, the guide, had refused to say anything, except in a general way, as to the location of the gold. Now, he told the party that it lay twenty miles out in the desert from the point of rocks. He proposed that, as the country was rough, the miner, merchant, and Swiss Joe should ride to the spot in the morning and collect what specimens they pleased; that he should drive north along the base of the rocky range to another point of rocks, which he pointed out, and that the party should cut across the desert from the gold find and meet him there. In other words, he was to drive along one side of a triangle while the miner and partners were to travel the two other sides. All this was agreed to. and the dust nearly choked them. The glare of the sun on the sand was almost blinding. It was noon before the party reached the spot where the gold was said to be. A few minutes hute convinced them that all Mexican Joe had said about its abundance was true. The sand, as far as could be judged without an large, was rick. Everal hours were passed in collecting spedmens, and then the party started back to meet the wagon. It nowing they had a sufficient supply of water in the barrels in the wagon, the horses had been liberally watered from the cantsens, and the party had drank freely. This had nearly exhausted the supply with them. It was night when they reached the point where they had agreed to meet the wagon, but no wagon was in sight. It was subsequently learned that Mexican Joe had at the last moment repented of stelling the secret of the gold, and that he had become suspicious of his partners, fearing they would leave him out in the cold and defraud him of his share. This fear moved him so suddenly and strongly that in a moment or regret and despair he determined to leave his partners to a horrible fate out on the waterless desert. Then again he would be the only owner of the secret of the gold dust. He therefore turned his back upon the meeting place, and took the trail back to San Antonio Springs.

regret and despair he determined to leave his partners to a horrible fate cut on the waterless desert. Then again he would be the only owner of the secret of the gold dust. He therefore turned his back to San Antonio Springs. It is not difficult to imagine the feelings of the three men when they found that the wagon was not at the agreed meeting place. Numerous were the conjectures why it was not there. No one believed that Mexican Joe had lost his way, for the trail was too plain sailing, and the point of rocks where they were to meet never out of sight. They thought perhaps that the samugglers who skirt the desert has followed the wagon trail and murdered their guide; that some poisonous snake had killed him; that he had been taken suddenly ill; in fact, they conjured up every reason for his absence but the had been taken suddenly ill; in fact, they conjured up every reason for his absence but the had been taken suddenly ill; in fact, they conjured up every reason for his absence but the had been taken suddenly ill; in fact, they conjured up every reason for his absence but the had been taken suddenly ill; in fact, they conjured their lill uck, as well they might, for their position was a very desperate one. They were ninety miles from water, under a burning sun, and scarcely a cupful left in the three canteens. Besides, they had nothing to eat but two small tortillas. The miner, who was a man of considerable nervo and energy, at last said: There is nothing for it but to go as far as possible to-night. and the party started on their almost hopeless journey across the vast plain. After going thirty miles, the bronchos, which had up to that time been led, were unsadded and brided, and left to find their way to water if they could. When morning came the party sat down to rest. They divided the tortilias equally, and each took a sip of water. They had gone about forty miles, the bronchos, which had up to that time been led, wore unsadded and broiled, and left to find their way to water if they could. When morning

Pious Fauntics Among the Jews of [Poland. Prom the Pail Mail Gasette.

The Slavonic novelist, M. Sacher-Masoch, has recently given an interesting secture on the Jawish sects in Galicia, in the course of which he described the Karatics, who acknowledge only the first book of Moses as their religious guide.

The Karaites base their beliefs on the love of the divine: they are virtuous for virtue's sake. Where reason and revelation sures, they say, we accept them as two sixellent things, but where they disagree, we must hold with revelation, for if reason had been sufficient, revelations would have been superfluous. The Karaites consider that it is not allowed to discuss the fundamental basis of revelation. in tanchar it or mean.

In tanchar it or mean.

One jeculiarity by which they are distinguished from all other Jews is that they consider commerce in goods which they themselves have not produced to be flicit, for which reason they are nearly all agriculturists or research at attilization that they have exempt from militaries and the second of the se